The life and death of King I

Actus Primus, Scœna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.

NOw say *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of France,
In my behauiour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of *England* heere.

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K.Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Aniowe*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle offierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K.Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
With searefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

K.Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your strong possessiõ much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, an

Enter a S

Essex. My Liege, here is
Come from the Country to b
That ere I heard: shall I proc

K.Iohn. Let them approa
Our Abbies and our Priories
This expeditious charge: wh

Enter Robert Faulconb

Philip. Your faithfull subie
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, a
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulc*
A Souldier by the Honor-giu
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the

K.Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire

K.Iohn. Is that the elder, a
You came not of one mother

Philip. Most certain of on
That is well knowne, and as I
But for the certaine knowled
I put you o're to heauen, and
Of that I doubt, as all mens

Eli. Out on thee rude ma
And wound her honor with

Phil. I Madame? No, I h
That is my brothers plea, an
The which if he can proue, a
At least from faire fiue hundr
Heauen guard my mothers h

K.Iohn. A good blunt fell
Doth he lay claime to thine i

Phil. I know not why, exc
But once he slanderd me wit
But where I be as true begot
That still I lay vpon my moth
But that I am as well begot
(Faire fall the bones that too
Compare our faces, and be I
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs
And were our father, and thi
O old sir *Robert* Father, on
I giue heauen thankes I was

K.Iohn. Why what a mad-

Elen. He hath a tricke of
The accent of his tongue af
Doe you not read some toke
In the large composition of